

An active spirit of improvement has been revealed at New Oxford since the completion of the Gettysburg Railroad to that point. Messrs. Bastruss & Winter have erected a three-story brick warehouse, (doing a large business.) Mr. Peter Diehl a large produce warehouse, Mr. Amos Zueck a two-story brick house, Mr. A. W. Stubb a three-story brick store and dwelling, Mr. Leo Stubb a brick back building, (and will put up a front one in the spring.) Mr. G. W. Doll a tinner and saddle shop, Mr. Henry Wiest a brick house and blacksmith shop, Mr. Daniel Heltzell a frame dwelling, Mr. J. Bastruss a brick house, Mr. John Dietrich a frame house and tinner shop, Mr. Petase a blacksmith shop, Mr. J. Barnits two houses, Mr. Miller a two-story brick house, Mr. Jeremiah Diel a brick house, Mrs. Milroy a two-story brick house, Mr. Frank Sherman a brick house, and Mr. Joseph S. Gitt is erecting a first-class three-story brick house, which promises to be one of the neatest and most substantial in that thriving village. Other buildings are in progress. Mr. Stuck and Capt. Wagner have improved their premises by the putting up of commodious barns.

Jacob Aulabaugh, Esq., has handsomely remodeled the brick building on the south west corner of the Square, and occupies it as a hardware store.— Mr. Franklin Hersh occupies Mr. Diehl's warehouse and has also a coal and lumber yard.

We take pleasure in noting these evidences of enterprise on the part of our neighbors of Oxford, and doubt not that the work will go steadily forward.

"True as Preaching."

There are many intelligent families in Adams and adjacent counties who at present take no county paper, and who, if they ever read one, depend upon borrowing it of some neighbor. When so great a convenience is so easily obtained, no one who can afford it should be without a county newspaper. It keeps the reader posted up in all that is of general interest, while it is an indispensable record of local affairs. No one can be fully informed in regard to his own interest who does not regularly peruse a well-conducted county paper. Its advantages in a family cannot be exaggerated, and it soon becomes as necessary to the youngest member as to the head of the household. When several papers are taken, the county paper is always the first one opened, and the one most closely read. Its record of local transactions and business, marriages and deaths, court proceedings, advertisements, &c., cannot be had in any other way, and give the paper an interest which is wanting in the most ambitious of the city weeklies.

The Compiler is furnished at \$1.75 per annum, if paid in advance, or \$2 if not paid in advance. Any person sending us four advance-paying subscribers, will receive the paper a year free of charge.

Premiums Awarded.

We noticed last week that Mr. C. W. Priest, of Petersburg, was awarded a handsome Premium at the late York Fair for the best four year old horse Colt on exhibition, and a first class premium for the best Corn (Gourd Seed.) He also received a First-class Premium at the late Cumberland County Fair for his Stallion, Eclipse, and a handsome Premium for the best four year old horse Colt on exhibition, and a First-class Premium for the best Gourd seed corn.

Mr. Christian Rice, of Monallan township, was also awarded a handsome premium at the Cumberland County Fair, for his fine four year old horse Colt.

At the York County Fair, Joseph Shireman, of East Berlin, received a diploma and a \$5 premium for the best Cow. Border & Ross, of East Berlin, received a \$2 premium and a diploma, for the best Cornplanter. F. Lather, of Littleton, received a \$5 premium and a diploma, for the best Buggy.

How to Prepare Superior Mince-meat for Pies.

Take stoned raisins, currants, sugar, and suet, of each 2 lbs.; Sultana raisins, boiled beef (lean and tender), of each 1 lb.; sour or tart apples, 4lbs.; the juice of two lemons; the rind of one lemon chopped very fine; mixed spice, 4 lb.; candied citron and lemon peel, of each 2 oz.; and chop the whole very fine. The preparation may be varied by adding other spice or flavoring, and the addition of eggs, or the substitution of chopped fowl or veal, for beef, according to fancy or convenience.

The Boys.

If any one will take the trouble to look around him on an evening walk through our streets, and observe the number of boys running about in many quarters of the town, he will become convinced, as we have, this reform is needed. Is not the day inefficient for exercise and recreation? And moreover, this is the beginning of long, cool evenings; when the time devoted to acquiring knowledge may be the seed time of a glorious harvest of honor, wealth, and real enjoyment, when they have grown to years of maturity.

—On last Monday, an action of John E. Mayer, Esq., vs. William A. Hay, Esq., of this place, was brought to practice as an attorney in the several Courts of York County. — Gazette.

—The Opposition are beginning to get John Hay for the next Governor. — Mass.

—Birth of a feather.

THE COMPILER. Published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHL, at \$1.75 per annum if paid strictly in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates. JOSEPH PAINTER done with neatness and dispatch, and at moderate prices. Office in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment, one and a half squares from the Court House. "Compiler" on the sign.

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

41ST YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1858.

NO. 7.

The Poet's Corner.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

When the snow-flakes softly rattle
On the darkened window-pane,
And the night-wind moans and murmurs
In a wild and wailing strain—
Oh, how welcome is the cheerful,
Brightly burning, ruddy light,
Glowing from the evening fire-side,
Glowing, sparkling, warm and bright.

How the mellow beams are dancing
On the ceiling in the hall,
Even within the dark corners
With a gentle glance they fall,
And in the clear and pleasant radiance,
As in waves of gold it plays,
Melts the soul that's filled with sadness,
Lights the eye with radiant rays.

Loved ones meet around the fire-side,
Through the dreary winter eve,
While the storm without is wilder,
Tales of other days to weave,
Songs that to the heart are dear,
Breathed upon the hallowed air,
Voices glad in words are mingled,
"Household words" are sweetest there.

How the aged and the weary,
Look back to the happy hours,
By whose merry light they started,
When they tasted youth and love,
Though the glow has long been faded,
Brighter than of yore it burns,
When the spirit, worn with wandering,
To that cherished vision turns.

Then when falling snow-flakes rattle,
On the darkened window-pane,
Let us gather round the fire-side,
Needless of the night-wind's reign,
And when life's cold winter cometh,
And the darkness and the storm,
We'll again, in memory's chamber,
Meet around the fire-side warm.

The Story Book.

JOHN CLARKE AND HIS FORTUNE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNIS.

"Never mind the house, John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife.

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty summers old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone—a star amid the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me."

"I wish, dear,"

"I begueth to John Clarke, my dear, beloved nephew," read the girl attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one-horse shay, which has stood in my barn over twenty-five years, requesting that he shall repair it, or cause it to be repaired in a suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people gathered there tittered, all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of!"

"Wish you joy," said a red-headed youth, with a grin, as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow, but a little white hand laid on his coat sleeve restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny, with her sunny smile; "please don't notice them for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left all his silver, "served him right for marrying that ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he calculated a good deal on the old gentleman's generosity." To which she added, in a whisper that only her own heart heard, "He might have married me. He had the chance, and I loved him better than any one else—better than that pretty little fool, Jenny Brazier."

"Now we will see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt, thro' her nose; "he stopped short in wickedness just because he expected a fortune from my poor, dear brother. Thanks to massy that he left me five hundred dollars. Now I can get that new carpet, but we'll see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clarke'll have to be contented with his little ten feet shanty," said the father of Susan Spriggs, to good old Deacon Joe Hemp.

"Well, I reckon he is content—'if he ain't he ought to be," said that little jewel of a wife she's bright enough to make any four walls shine," was the Deacon's reply.

"Eshaw! you're all crazy about that gal. Why she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-piano like sixty, and manages a house first-rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up in the morning, than all the forty-piano gals you can scare up 'tween here and the Indies!"

"I'd like to know what you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

"Just what I say," replied good old Deacon Joe, coolly.

"Well, that John Clarke'll die on the gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best citizens, and go to the legislature yet," replied old Deacon Joe, complacently.

"Doubt it!"

"Yes, may be you do, and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, isn't it, when he's trying his best. No, John Clarke won't be a good citizen, if you can help it. People that cry 'mad dog' are plagu'ly willin' to stone the

critter while he's a running. I take it; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John, I'm glad you're going right now, and I've got faith in you, and if you want any help, why come to me and I'll put you through?' That's the way to do the business, Mr. Spriggs."

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all," replied Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to, any way, if I have the chance. Fact is, he's such a smart little fellow that he don't really need any help."

"No—it's a pity then that brother Jacob left him that one-horse shay."

"You needn't laugh at that; old Jacob never did nothing without a meaning to it. That old shay may help him to be a great man yet. Fact is, I think myself if Jacob had a left him money it might have been the ruin of him. Less things than a one-horse shay has made a man's fortune."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him; I don't."

"No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his neighbor turned away, "but if he had married your raw-boned daughter that plays on the forty-piano, he'd be a rich man right now, and no mistake."

"A one-horse shay!" said the minister, laughing; "what a fortune!"

And so it went, from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some already among them—the owner of the one-horse shay—a dollar of the bequestment left to him or to her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, every body had prophesied that John Clarke, a poor, motherless boy, would come to ruin, and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in the early years of manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed, his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after they had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged, that will only please them too well. We are doing nicely now, and you know if they do cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably; isn't our home a happy one, if it's small? And oh! John by and by."

An eloquent blush—a glance towards her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that ever story of innocence, beauty and helplessness, that brings tears akin to angels' work.

For once, John Clarke stopped the gossip's mouth. He held his head up manfully, worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance, and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when the corporation paid into John Clarke's hand the sum of six hundred dollars for the privilege of laying a track thro' his one little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and six hundred dollars," thought John with an honest exultation, "well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look out."

He did, and saw the old one-horse shay dragged by a stalwart negro.

"Massa says he's pulling down, so he sent your shay," said the African, said John, bitterly, but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money now to have the old shay fixed up, can't you? You ought to, according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash?" muttered John.

"But you can't at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could."

"Then I'd have it done, and bless me, I'd keep it, too. You've got a good horse, and cap the old shay made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in. Shant we shine?"

"Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's to-morrow, and see what he will do for it."

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you to come right over to the shop!" shouted the carriage-maker's apprentice, at the top of his lungs; "old Deacon Joe's there, an' says he's right down glad—golly, his hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds, and hum—"

"Stop, boy! what in the world does he mean, Jenny?" cried John Clarke, putting the baby in the cradle face downwards.

"My patience! John, look at that child—precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John; I'd go right over and see," said Jenny, by snatches, righting the baby, "it's his fun, I suppose."

"Tain't any fun, I tell you," said the boy, while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! 'Gues you'll say it ain't fun when you come to see them 'ere gold things and the bills."

This added wings to John Clarke's speed, and in a moment he stood breathless in the old coachmaker's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller!" cried Deacon Joe.

"Look here—what'll you take for that old shay? I'll give you four thousand dollars!" cried the coachmaker, in great glee.

"Four thousand?" cried John aghast.

"Yes, just look at it! You're a rich

man, sir, and by George I'm glad of it; you deserve to be."

The carriage-maker shook his hand heartily.

What do you suppose were the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when he found the old shay filled with gold and bank bills? I mean the cushions, the linings, and every place where they could be placed without danger of injury—thieves never would have descended to the one-horse shay.

Five thousand five hundred dollars in all! Poor John! or rather rich John! his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipage of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming-top. Now he could build two houses like the one his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory!

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first, Deacon Joe proposed to take the old shay just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and upon a tin trumpet proclaim the good tidings to the whole town, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife.

"La! they'll know it soon enough," she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years after, when John Clarke lived in a big house, they all voted for him to go to the "legislature." So much for that old one-horse shay.—*Peterson's Mag.*

Select Miscellany.

Seasoning Sausage Meat.

Mrs. Bissell sends the following to the Compiler: For fifty pounds of meat, take eleven ounces of salt, five table spoonfuls of pounded saltpetre, five table spoonfuls ground black pepper, four table spoonfuls of ground allspice, five table spoonfuls of sage. Mix them well together, and then incorporate well with the meat.

Cracker Pudding.

We can testify that the following is not "bad to take." Stir into three pints of sweet milk, two beaten eggs, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, and any spice you like best. Beat in four soda crackers, and when soaked soft, stir in as many raisins as you like—the directions given to us, say one pound to the above quantity of materials, but for our personal consumption we would say, "more pudding and less raisins, if you please, ma'am," with quantum sufficient of vanilla flavor, or of nutmeg.

How to Dry Rhubarb.—It is said that rhubarb can be dried for future use simply by preparing as for pies, peeling the stalks, cutting into small pieces, and drying in the sun or a moderately warm oven. The flavor is regarded as improved by the drying operation.

Cleaning out an Obstructed Drain.—This has been successfully effected by using a large eel, which works itself slowly through, followed by the water.

Raw Meat in Dysentery.

Dr. Weiss, St. Petersburg, first in 1845, advised the employment of the lean of raw meat, very finely minced, in the chronic diarrhoea of children, giving two teaspoonfuls four times a day. Since then the same practice has been extended to various forms of obstinate diarrhoea with good effect. Mr. Pensa, now practising in Egypt, reports the benefit he has derived in several cases of severe dysentery occurring in adults, from the employment of raw, or nearly raw, minced meat given in doses from two to three times a day.

A Rich County.

The following recent sales in Lancaster county, Pa., show the high figure land commands in the "Garden County," notwithstanding the times are out of joint so much.—The farm of John G. Pinner, 1 mile west of Lancaster, containing 124 acres, sold for \$161 24 per acre. Ephraim Bear's farm in West Earl, 111 acres, sold for \$162 per acre. Enos Conrad's in E. Lampeter, 56 acres, brought \$146. The "Spring Dale" farm in Manheim township, of Nathaniel, Jr., sold for \$197, half the grain being reserved. The farm of John Jones in Upper Leacock township, sold at \$171 an acre.

Immense Corn Crop in Kentucky.—The Louisville Journal says that the corn crop has never been so large in Kentucky as the present crop promises to be. It states that there are fields in the blue grass region estimated at 175 bushels to the acre, while fields promising 75 to 80 bushels are quite common.

There is not a spider hanging on the King's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nuttle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplishes some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, and to be a nothing.—*Spurgeon.*

How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband.

"Till he got a wife," calmly answered the husband.

The Dying Californian.

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence smoothes my fever,
When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying—
Soon you will miss me from your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Beneath the veil my vision darkens
And I go from hence away.
I am going, shortly going—
But my hope in God is strong—
I am willing, brother, knowing,
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, and assist her,
Now that she is growing old,
That her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Tell my brother, catch each whisper—
"Lis, my wife I speak of now—"
Tell her, tell her how I miss her,
What the love for her has been;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed—
Hold as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast.
Give them early to their Maker,
Praying all his trust in God,
And never will I forsake their
For He said so in His word.

Oh, my children, heaven bless them,
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
"Ere I sink beneath the sea.
It was for them I crossed the ocean,
And what my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I've gained the ample portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly word she said,
And my heart has been kept tender
With the tears her memory stirred.
Tell them I never reached the haven
Where I sought the precious rest,
But I've gained a port called heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urged them to secure an entrance,
For they will find their brother there—
But I leave Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share.
Hark, I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis his voice I know so well—
When I am gone, oh, don't be weeping—
Brother, here's my last farewell.

"An editor at West says that when he was in prison for libelling a Justice of the Peace, he was requested by the jailer to give the person a puff."

"This may be an exaggeration—most articles credited to papers 'out West' are yet it approximates very near to the truth. Editors are expected to puff everything and everybody. If Whitkins makes a speech about something, his friends are offended if the editor does not laud him to the skies, and write him down a wonderful orator. If Dr. Snatchem conceals a medicine which is, according to his representations, to make the old young, and pave the world with blessings, the editor is expected to proclaim the humbug to the ends of the earth. Steamboat captains, railroad conductors, omnibus drivers, oyster openers, doctors of divinity, lecturers, actors, and singers, must all be puffed, or the editor ceases to be a 'good fellow,' and forfeits the esteem of his distinguished friends. No class of men in the world are imposed upon to the extent that editors are; their brains and their time must be given up to every one for every purpose, simply because everybody has brass enough to ask for them."

When will editors unite to put down this evil?—*Balt. Argus.*

New Cigar Boat.—A new curious ocean steamer is now being built at Baltimore by Messrs. Winans, the distinguished locomotive engineers. The hull is of the form of an immense cigar, 180 feet long, and 16 feet in diameter, without keel or flat deck, and is built very strong, for the purpose of being driven through the waves. She is to have nothing masts nor spars, and the only thing to be visible above deck is the smoke stack and ventilator. She is to have four high pressure locomotive engines, which are to drive a propeller amidships. Every part of the vessel is to be of iron, well braced, and so divided into water-tight compartments as to be a life preserver. She is expected to be ready in six weeks, and to make her first trip to New York, and from thence to Liverpool.

Changes in the Cabinet.—Public rumor is again at work creating difficulties in the Cabinet of the President and forecasting specific changes which are soon to be announced to the country. Of course there is not a word of foundation for what is said on this subject.—The President and his official advisers are a unit; and there really seems to be no encouragement to the anxious persons who would have it otherwise.—*Washington Union.*

The Impiety of Crinolines.—The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinolines incompatible with a true Christian's profession, seem to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp-meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery county, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord.

Some writer has compared friendship to our shadows, and a better comparison was never made; for while we walk in the sunshine of prosperity, it stalks to us, but the moment we enter the shades of adversity, it deserts us.

Speaking Out in Dreams.

A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch—a remarkably good paper for its size, by the way—tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs:

"An amusing incident occurred on the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost:

"As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom, a lamp was lit. A servant girl, accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and, half asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions. Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy upon her, remarking at the same time, 'The devil has got me at last!'

"Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called upon her—'Mollie, don't make such a noise; it is I, be not afraid.' The poor African immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, missus, dat you; jest what I expected; I always thought if I ever got to de bad place, I see you dar.' These remarks were uttered with such vehemence, that not a word was lost, and the whole car became convulsed with laughter."

Exposing a Parson.

A minister was one Sabbath examining a Sunday-school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapping, who usually assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting upon customers.

"What is your name?"
No reply.
"What is your name?" he repeated.
"None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl; "you know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night, 'Bot, bring me some more ale'?"
The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

Dinner was spread in the cabin of that peerless steamer, the "New World," and a splendid company were assembled about the table. Among the passengers thus prepared for gastronomic duty, was a little creature of the genus Pop, decked daintily as an early butterfly, with kids of irreproachable whiteness, "miraculous" neck-tie, and spider-like quizzing glass on his nose. The delicate animal turned his head affectedly aside with:

"Waitah!"
"Sah?"
"Bwing me the propellah of a female wootah!"
"Yis, sah?"
"And, waitah! tell the steward to wub my plate with a vegetable wulgarily called onion, which will give a delicious flavor to my dinnah."

While the refined exquisite was giving his order, a jolly western drover had listened with open mouth and protruding eyes. When the diminutive creature passed, he brought his fist down upon the table with a force that made every dish bound, and thundered out:

"Here! you gaul darned ace of spades!"
"Yis, sah."
"Bring me a thunderin' big plate of skunk's gizzard!"
"Sah?"
"And, old ink-pot, tuck a horse-blanket under my chin, and rub me down with brickets while I feed!"

The poor dandy showed a pair of straight coat-tails instant, and the whole table joined in a "tremenjous rore."

An Editor turned Printer.—The Editor of the Pittsburgh Post has been trying his hand at "setting type." His effort appeared under his editorial head a few days since, and will be found below. He will no doubt be "one of them" some of these days:

A NEW PRIZE.
We presume that it will show t't we can puzze fast—no we s'elt-A'bout too! We want no q'ap we will have it a'zup wit' out a'ss'lane! The droof will neep no conne'ction 'no don't in'p'nd to tr' E'g'p'at; but we'll let t'p p'rintas know we are o'ne of 'em."

A'K'Agon t'p'at of dr'nting; w'ly its j'us as asy as p'rt'ing of a Log."

A Verdict as is a Verdict.—A Mobile (Ala.) paper says that an inquest was recently held in that city, on the body of a man who died from taking an overdose of vegetable pills. On opening the body, the interior was found to be one huge cabbage, but dead, to its core, from confinement and want of water—a coverage which the patient, unfortunately, never drank. The jury returned a verdict of "quits." "Quits, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dismayed Coroner—"never heard of such a thing—What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man, the man most certainly killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!"

The Height of his Ambition.—One of our exchanges tells of a lazy genius up his way, who being asked as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied: "To marry a rich widow that has got a cough!"

The steam frigate building at New York, for the Russian Government, is six thousand tons, and it is estimated will cost \$1,200,000.

Some writers, in a grain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only what is cut and dried.

The Term of Judge Church.
The Eastern Argus argues, that the effect of the appointment of Gaylord Church to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of William A. Porter, will be to exclude John M. Read from the bench. The case is thus stated by that paper:
"The Amendment to the Constitution, adopted in 1850, provides that any Judge of the Supreme Court, resigned his office, and upon the same day William A. Porter was appointed by the Governor, 'till the first Monday of December succeeding the next general election.'
"January 12, 1858, John C. Knox, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, resigned his office, and upon the same day William A. Porter was appointed by the Governor, 'till the first Monday of December succeeding the next general election.'
"October 16, 1858, William A. Porter resigned his commission, and now Gaylord Church is appointed by the Governor, and holds a commission, the language of which is precisely the same. How then is John M. Read to obtain his seat?"

The same article cites the opinion of the Supreme Court, contained in 5 Casey 518, in relation to the term of Chief Justice Lewis, which certainly makes a strong case in favor of the position taken by the Argus.—*Pennsylvanian.*

How the Old Whigs of Massachusetts Go.
Mr. Richard Yceton, the editor of the (Charleston S. C.) Courier, in writing to his paper from Boston, speaks of the prevailing sentiment of the Old Line Whigs of that city, the associates and supporters of Daniel Webster. Rufus Choate has been openly with the Democracy since 1856, and Mr. Yceton says:

"I strongly hope and verily believe that Winthrop, Everett, the Curtises, Hildards, and numerous others, will incline the same direction, and at least be with if not of the Democracy, at the approaching State elections. Indeed, on my telling Mr. Everett of the happy coincidence I had found between my host and myself, in that we were both Old Line Whigs turned Democrats, and expressing the hope that our example would be numerous followed, he pleasantly remarked: 'Well, I have taken the first step myself in that direction, as I addressed the Democratic Young Men on the Fourth of July.'"

We are not surprised at this. There is no other party for Mr. Everett, the great student and expounder of Washington's life and history, to associate with. It is a curious fact in our political history, that nearly all the first class men of the old Whig party, North and South, the contemporaneous and personal friends of Webster and Clay, are now active Democrats. It is the small men, the political tricksters and traders, who are ready to join a sectional party, whose triumph would prove the death knell of the Union—and the demolition of the cherished hopes that our national progress has inspired in the hearts of the lovers of freedom everywhere.—*Newark Journal.*

Sense.
A rough common sense pervades the following, in which there is more truth than poetry:

"Great men never swell. It is only three cent individuals who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person can ever mistake the spurious for the genuine article. The difference between the two is as great as that between a bottle of vinegar and a bottle of the pure juice of the grape."

Snake Charming.
Wiresen, the celebrated snake charmer, gave an exhibition in this place, on Wednesday evening last. It would seem like an impossibility to those who have never seen this performance, to believe that a man could so completely fascinate a snake as to enable him to handle it in any manner he thought proper, without the least danger of the snake's biting him. He had ten large and venomous snakes—one viper, one black snake, one copper head moccasin, and seven rattlesnakes. He would put them all together and place them round his neck, when they would rub their heads all over his face in the most affectionate manner. He would then put them out one at a time. After placing them all in a box, he selected the largest rattlesnake, prised open its mouth, and exhibited to the astonished audience the large and dangerous fangs of this detestable reptile.—*Orange Chronicle.*

A singular suit for the recovery of the amount of a life insurance policy, is in progress at Detroit. The suit of the widow for the recovery is resisted on the ground that the policy holder, Mr. S. M. Holden, of Ann Arbor, was murdered in order to obtain the money. The Company involved is the Mutual, of New York; the amount \$20,000.

Satisfactory.—"Hallo, boy! did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?"

"A rabbit?"

"Yes! be quick! a rabbit!"

"Was it a kinder gray varmint?"

"Yes! yes!"

"A longish creter, with a short tail?"

"Yes! be quick or he'll gain his burrow."

"Had it long-legs behind, and big ears?"

Another Assassination in Baltimore!

The city of Baltimore has again been disgraced by an assassination, which, in the language of the *Sun*, "may well startle the public ear and thrill the public heart" of that ill-fated Metropolis. The facts in this deplorable tragedy are simply these; and their mere announcement is enough to shock the feelings of all law and order loving citizens, without requiring comment or amplification. On the 22d of September last, as Officer Benton was conveying David Honek to the station-house, he was shot in the public street by a miscreant named Henry Gambrell. This daring homicide was witnessed by officer George W. Rignold, who upon the trial of the prisoner during the past week, was the principal witness against the accused. Gambrell was convicted of "murder in the first degree" on Friday last, and at about eight o'clock on the same evening, Rignold was shot dead in his own house and within a few feet from his wife. The following particulars are given in the *American*, of Saturday:

"Officer Rignold left the Western station-house for his home, and was cautioned by Captain Lincoln as to go out, as threats had been made against his life on account of the testimony he had given in the case of Gambrell, to the effect that he should die on the day that Gambrell was convicted. The three threats had also reached the ears of the deceased, but he was unable to trace them to any direct source, and considered them as idle or drunken threats. On leaving the station-house he proceeded direct to his home, and was in his sitting-room adjoining the store, talking to his wife at the time of his death."

"At the corner of the sitting room a small window opens into the yard, and Mr. Rignold was standing and leaning on the mantel piece, with his back to the window. His wife was sitting on the other side of the room, and a little lost child, which he had picked up in the street, was sitting on the carpet at his feet. The assassin went up a small alley at the side of the house, and with a large horse pistol fired at him through the window, a heavy lead of slugs entering his right side and causing instant death. He exclaimed only, 'I am shot,' and fell dead on the floor, having ceased breathing after one heavy groan. A large horse pistol, with which the deed was committed, was left lying in the yard, immediately under the window."

"Police officer John Cook was on the opposite side of Baltimore street, and hearing the report of the pistol, started across to Mr. Rignold's house, when a man came running out of the side alley, with a revolver in his hand, and as officer Cook started to arrest him he fired twice at him, neither of which took effect. The officer immediately drew his revolver, and started in pursuit, firing twice at the assassin as he ran up Baltimore street. On turning the corner of Pine street, the assassin and the officer again exchanged shots without effect, and continued the race on to Penn street, when officer Cook succeeded in knocking him down with his pistol, and with the assistance of officers Jamison and Higgins, carried him to the station-house. It proved to be Peter Corrie, a butcher, residing on the Hookstown road, and an associate of Gambrell."

After Corrie was arrested and taken to the station-house, he made a full confession of the manner in which the assassination had been committed. It appears from his statement that he did not commit the deed himself, but that he remained at the mouth of the alley on Baltimore street, whilst Marion Cropps went up the alley and fired the pistol. A warrant was immediately issued for the arrest of Cropps, and the Mayor committed Peter Corrie, as an accessory to the murder, and also charged with attempting the life of officer Cook. On examining the hat of Corrie, it was found that one of the bullets fired at him by officer Cook, had passed through it, grazing his head."

The Mayor at 11 o'clock, proceeded to the Middle Station, when officers McCormick and Carmichael brought in Marion Cropps, whom they had arrested at Erasmus Levy's tavern, on Holliday street. He was brought before the Mayor and fully committed to jail on the charge of murder. This prisoner, it is said, came into the house of Rignold, immediately after the shooting, along with the crowd attracted by the firing, and on seeing the body exclaimed, 'I would like to go Jack Ketch for the fellow who committed the deed,' and turning to officer Stinchcomb remarked, 'Big was a good fellow—he often loaned me a quarter when I was hard up.' His conduct was such as to have removed any suspicion that might otherwise have attached to him. It is supposed that he quietly came out of the alley, leaving his weapon behind, when officer Cook started in pursuit of Corrie. When arrested, he asked the officers the charge against him, and they made no reply—he then asked if it was for killing Robert Rignold, and they told him that was the charge."

The scene in the vicinity of the Court House, when the verdict in the Gambrell case was rendered, was disgraceful in the extreme. It was with difficulty, and amidst great peril, that the officers were enabled to convey the murderer to prison. Several attempts were made to rescue the prisoner, and we learn that the person and residence of the prosecuting officer, Milton Whitney, Esq., were threatened with violence and outrage."

We have no comments to make upon this fearful state of things. The time has come when the evils existing in that city must be cured, or it must be entirely given over to the bravos and ruffians who have so long disgraced and degraded Baltimore. If these evils continue, it will be an easy matter to predict the fate of that city. No matter who is responsible, the result will be the same. The feet of those, in other localities, who have been accustomed to visit the Monumental City, will necessarily be turned in other directions. And when trade has been prostrated and business ruined, the sufferers may possibly find it necessary, as the only means of securing their own personal safety, to rise up in their strength and throw off the chains that are now binding them and pressing them to earth."

Relief Fund.—Some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars have already been collected in Baltimore, and the sum will

be still further increased by future additions, for the relief of the families of officers Benton and Rignold, both of whom were sacrificed by the ruffians of Baltimore, for a simple performance of their duty.

A Baltimore Murderer's first Visit to Washington.—The Washington Star in noticing the brutal murder of officer Rignold in Baltimore, by Marion Cropps, says: Marion Cropps is the same person as "Mallory Kropf," who attended the mob that attacked the fourth ward polls in this city, in June, 1857, armed with a large tomahawk, which he brandished against the terrified voters in a manner to drive many from the ground. Under the last mentioned name he was afterwards indicted by the grand jury here for being engaged in the riot of that day; but so far as we can learn, no requisition was ever issued by the criminal court with a view to having him brought to trial. He will be recognized by most of our citizens who were present on the occasion above referred to, who will never forget his bill-headed, short-cropped hair, iron-toed boots, long legs, and the devilish weapon with which he clove his way among the loyal voters of Washington, scattering them before him like so many frightened sheep.

The Rignold Murder.—The murder of officer Rignold is still claiming attention, and it is said that some new evidence has come to light that will involve a number of persons, other than those under arrest, as accessories before the fact, because of their having had a knowledge of what was to be done, and having participated in the arrangements for the commission of the murder. The facts in the matter, however, have not been made public, nor will they be until the arrest of the parties implicated shall have been effected. The weapon with which the murder was done had been seen before in the possession of Cropps. A vigorous effort is now making to ferret out all the parties connected in any manner with the horrible transaction.—*Balt. Sun of Friday.*

From the Pennsylvania.

The Verdict on Lecompton.

It is fashionable now, since the elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana have taken place, and resulted disastrously to the Democratic party, to ascribe those reverses to the course pursued by Mr. Buchanan and the party, last winter, in reference to the Kansas question. Lecomptonism, it is said, was the rock upon which the Democratic vessel has been stranded, and hence that it has been overwhelmingly repudiated by our American people, and the President, and the National men who had stood by him on the great issue, so galling and irretrievably rebuked. Now, although we cannot pretend to say to what extent this question entered into the recent contests in the States enumerated above, yet we are prepared to prove, and defy contradiction, that if Democratic or Opposition majorities in the different States of the Union, furnish any index of public opinion on this subject, then has the position of the President and the party been triumphantly sustained and vindicated. Since the passage of the English Compromise Bill, elections have occurred in the subjoined States, with the following results:

Opposition Cont.	Democratic Maj.
Pennsylvania, 28,000	Missouri, 45,000
Ohio, 15,000	Kentucky, 10,000
Maine, 8,000	Georgia, 11,000
Iowa, 4,000	Florida, 8,000
	S. Carolina, 29,000
	California, 9,000
	North Carolina, 12,000
	Indiana, 2,500

Majorities for Lecompton, 119,500
Majorities against Lecompton, 55,000

Majority in favor of Lecompton, 64,000

It may be said in reply to this, that the States in which the largest majorities have been given for the Democratic party, and hence for Lecompton, are Southern States, and that, as an expression of popular opinion on this subject, they are entirely worthless, and should not be taken into account. Such an objection would only prove the objector to be an extreme sectionalist, and entirely incompetent to take a broad and comprehensive view, overlooking and embracing the entire country. Was not the Kansas question a national one, in which the interests and honor of every section were involved? No one can be national, conservative and Constitution-loving, unless he pays a proper respect, and gives due weight to the public sentiment of every section of the Union; and it will be a dark and ominous day for the country, if it should happen that, through the popular phrenzy of sectional fanaticism, a man should be elevated to the Presidency, bound by the madness of the hour, to flout and to scorn any part of the Union, in defiance of the Constitution and the laws, which protect and shield all alike.

The Contested Seats in the Next Congress.—Amor J. Williamson, American, will contest the right of Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, democrat, to represent the third district of New York in the thirty-sixth Congress. Governor Kombe, democrat, will join issue with Hon. John B. Haskin, anti-Lecompton, if the latter succeeds in getting the certificate for the right to represent the ninth district of that State. John W. Ryan, republican, denies the claims of Hon. Thomas B. Florence, democrat, to the seat of the first district of Pennsylvania. Alfred W. Johnson, democrat, will endeavor to show before the next House of Representatives that he is better entitled to speak and vote for the third district of Maine than Ezra B. French, republican, who has received the certificate of election. Francis P. Blair, Jr., republican, has announced that he stands ready to prove that his opponent, J. B. Barrett, democrat, in the first district of Missouri, was elected by fraud, and on that ground he will claim the seat.

Election of J. B. Haskin.—New York, Nov. 11.—The official result of the election in the 9th Congressional district was declared this afternoon.—John B. Haskin is elected by 13 majority.

Mr. Ten Brock's horse Barbary.—Mr. Ten Brock's horse Barbary ran a race at New Market, England, against Count Bathbury's horse Olympus, the owners riding their respective horses. Barbary was declared the winner.

The Compiler.



J. J. Stahl, Editor and Proprietor.
GETTYSBURG, PA.
Monday Morning, Nov. 15, 1853.

Chit-Chat.

We would remind our readers that Thursday next, the 18th inst., is the day set apart by the Chief Magistrate of Pennsylvania, and recommended to all the inhabitants, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving, Prayer and Praise to Almighty God.

The latest returns indicate the election of Coates, Democrat, in Michigan, and Lehigh, Democrat, in Wisconsin, to Congress. These are gains. It is also probable the Democratic State Ticket is elected in Illinois.

Snow fell at Bangor, Me., on Sunday night week, to the depth of six inches.

The corn crop in Pennsylvania, with few exceptional localities, proves to be a good one—equal to any perhaps within five years—croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dr. Randolph, a celebrated spiritualist, has openly recanted. In a lecture at Ticon, on Sunday week, he stated it as his candid opinion founded upon an experience of nine years as a medium, that spiritualism was one-third imposture, one-third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Mr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance mediums. He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry.

We are glad to learn from Baltimore, that the murderers of Officer Rignold are to be speedily tried. These men should be punished, not only because they deserve punishment, but as a warning to others. Forbearance is no longer a virtue. Examples must be made. No more deserving subjects for exemplary punishment can be found than these miscreants, and the law, therefore, should act at once and sternly.

The New York Enquirer has taken ground in favor of Hon. Wm. H. Seward as the Black Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1860. One of the wisest writers says, that the "naughty deers come down upon us like blessings." How differently the daily does come down these hard times!

A portion of the company which went from Lawrence, Kansas, to the Pike's Peak gold mines, has returned to winter at Lawrence, with the view of returning in the spring, and all the members fully authenticate the reality of the gold discoveries.

The Penn. (Ind.) Republican reports a huge squirrel hunt at that place a few days ago, in which two parties of six killed exactly three hundred squirrels each. This sort of game must be abundant up there. Wild turkeys, too, are said to be rather numerous.

A most horrible murder of a citizen took place at Cincinnati on Saturday morning week. The deceased, Kate Beaman, was stabbed by a man named Cook. The woman died with a prayer on her lips and a look of horror on her face, long and agonizing.

The New York Post says a Connecticut doctor has offered to sell Mayor Tiemann a recipe to drive the cholera out of New York for \$1000. A steam fire engine is ordered from Philadelphia for the Empire Book and Lumber Company of Lancaster, Pa.

The "Princess Royal" bridal party, and the "Pleasantville" bustle, are among the latest things in New York.

It is stated as a proof of the confidence which capitalists repose in the government, that a few days ago a warrant was drawn in favor of the United States treasurer for about \$188,500, being the amount of the premium accruing to the government on the \$10,000,000 loan.

It is stated that one man in every eight in Massachusetts is a shoemaker. In Lynn, 5,000 persons are employed in shoe-making, and the sales in 1852 amounted to \$1,000,000. In Boston there are 218 firms engaged in the trade, doing business to the amount of \$32,000,000. In New York there are 14 houses.

In Cincinnati there are at the present time in process of construction twelve cast-iron columns, said to be the largest in the United States. They are each fifty feet high, four feet two inches in diameter, weigh between two and three hundred tons, and will cost about thirty thousand dollars. They are designed for the State House in Madison, Wisconsin.

The State of Georgia has over twelve hundred miles of Railroad built, and what is more extraordinary, paid for; which yield to the stockholders more than an average of seven per cent. in yearly dividends. Two hundred miles of additional roads are to be added during the coming season.

The Harrisburg Union says that immediately after the appointment of Judge Church to the Supreme Bench, the Telegraph of that place started the story that there were fifty applicants for the place vacated by Judge Porter. Of course the statement was not true. It has been circulated by the press until the number has increased to one hundred and fifty. The truth is, there were no applicants for the position.

Martha Morgan, a young and unusually handsome girl, is to be tried for murder in Raleigh, N. C. She killed in a brutal manner, another young woman, who was her successful rival for the affections of a young man.

The hard times are not confined to this country. Even the Sultan of Turkey, who is popularly supposed to have unbounded wealth at his disposal, is "hard up." All departments of the government have stopped their works.—Even the Arsenal, which had commenced a new dry dock, has dismissed its workmen, and entered upon measures of economy.

A cement composed of thirty parts of clay, fifty of sand, fifteen of uncalcined chalk, and five of powdered silicate of potash, is recommended by M. Kuhlman as having the requisite hydraulic properties, in other words, as being capable of withstanding the effects of water, as in the walls of cisterns.

A writer in the Literary Messenger asks "if there is no way for a lady always to remain virtuous." Certainly there is—she can go to Utah and marry Brigham.

Special Election.—Governor Packer has issued a writ for an extra election in Berks county on the 30th inst., to supply the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. J. Glancy Jones, as a member of Congress.

The Delaware Legislature stands.—Senate, Democrats 7, Opposition 2; House, Democrats 14, Opposition 7.

The Opposition Fear the Future!

The *Reading Gazette* is not alone in the opinion, that the present success of the Opposition will by no means insure to their advantage in the future. Men of experience and foresight, among their own number, who have seen too much of the mutations of modern politics to be carried away by a passing triumph, achieved upon issues essentially transient, take the same view of the matter, and look forward to 1860 in no sanguine mood. For example, the Washington correspondent of the *North American*, a political writer of extensive information, and ordinarily accurate judgment, expresses his apprehensions for the future of his party, in the following desponding strain, which, considering that he is in the midst of the rejoicings of his co-laborers over the "glorious news" from New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and elsewhere, is significant, to say the least:

"Whether this result will be an advantage or not in a party sense, to those whose horizon is circumscribed by that narrow measurement, remains to be decided by the future. My own impression is that it will not be. With a Democratic President in the White House, and a large Democratic majority in the Senate, no policy that the House may originate, can be carried out without their assent and co-operation. This is one point. Another, and more important consideration, is the division of responsibility before the country, when the President's course shall be known."

"We have already seen that the popular branch of the last Congress was charged with the guilt of all the appropriations then made. And it is very certain now, even if there should be an opposition majority, that no such degree as has recently been asserted by Mr. Seward, in regard to a united vote. Whenever he and his personal followers attempt to impose that sort of test, they will be left as a legacy to a minority as their worthy co-laborers in the South, who audaciously advocate disunion as a universal panacea for all real or imaginary grievances."

This is the opinion of one whose opportunities of reading the political horizon make him an Oracle worth listening to. If he sees little or no encouragement for the future, in the recent successes of his party, how much less should Democrats find in it anything to be disheartened about? We have only to keep up our courage, maintain our organization intact, and by our principles even more closely than ever, and trust to the returning good sense and sound judgment of the people.

None but an united and a national party can ever successfully administer the government of the United States; and that party is not the combination of heterogeneous and discordant factions which has just secured a majority in Pennsylvania and New York.

The Next Congress.

Not so Bad After All.—In the worst aspect of the case—giving the mongrels every Northern Congressman yet to be elected—the next Congress would stand thus:

Democrats	Rep.	Amor.
117	115	117
117	115	117
117	115	117

Oregon will add one member to the Democratic column certain, and there may be a few more Democrats elected in Districts now conceded to the Opposition.

The Washington States gives a better account. It says:

"In the elections which have already taken place for members of Congress the position of parties stands: Democrats 49, Republicans 102. The States yet to elect are Alabama, Connecticut, California, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia, which elect 86 members. In the present House they stand as follows:

Dem.	Rep.	Amor.
67	102	12
49	102	12
116	109	11

"In the States yet to elect the Republicans may gain two members in Connecticut, and the Democrats will, in all probability, gain six members from the South Americans in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, and Maryland. Such a result will make the next Congress stand: Democrats 120, Republicans 111, South Americans 6, which will give the Democrats a majority of three over all; and if the fourth district in Michigan has gone Democratic, as reported, the Democratic strength in the House will be 121, and a majority over all of five."

Truly do the "glorious victories," and "grand triumphs," and "overwhelming overthrows of the Democracy," achieved by our Republican neighbors, turn to dust and ashes.

The Negro Vote in New York.—In New York, owing to the ascendancy of the Abolition-Republican party in that State, negroes are allowed to vote. The negro population is sufficiently numerous to hold the balance of power and the politicians vie with each other in bidding for their vote. At the election which came off on Tuesday week, there were four candidates for Governor; Smith, Abolitionist and Temperance; Morgan, Black Republican; Burrows, American; and Parker, Democrat.—It is said that the negro vote was cast almost exclusively for Morgan, the Black Republican candidate. From this it would seem that the negroes prefer the Black Republicans even to the radical Abolitionists.

Greeley on the New York Election.—Honore is in the sulks. "Things isn't working" to please him. In speaking of the result of the late election in that State he says:

"The victory just won by the Republicans of our State is one of which we cannot feel proud."

Tax to Pay Interest on Railroad Bonds.—The Supreme Court has decided that the Allegheny county commissioners must assess a tax to pay the interest on railroad bonds.

Wood! Wood!—Those of our patrons who intend to pay their subscriptions in Wood this season, would do us a favor by bringing it soon. No objections made to a good, seasoned article.

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

As the *Star* managers have for the thousandth time "discovered" to their confusion and discomfiture, though they seek to escape from the difficulty "that banner" has gotten them into by making ugly mouths at the editor of the *Compiler*, their course is at least a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of all we said about it. They have discovered that we are posted—can prove what we have asserted—and hence their shrieking of the whole issue by a resort to abuse, such as the managers have become conspicuous for—cool, brazen faced, truthless and vulgar.

The effigy-burning affair at Bendersville has placed them in a difficulty of the same character, but of higher degree. They know the outrage was committed, as stated in these columns; but, something must be done to break its force upon popular opinion, and, of course, the old game of slang is resorted to. They are careful to deny nothing—to say nothing in regard to THE FACTS—because the facts are against them!

Think of it, citizens—think of it, Democrats—of Adams county. It has come to this, that honorable men and good citizens are to be burnt in effigy for no other crime than that of being Democratic candidates!

This insult should not soon be forgotten, nor its perpetrators, abettors and apologists fail to receive a fitting rebuke.

Coming Down a Little.

It will be remembered that Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, in one of his bombastic speeches, delivered about the close of the last session of Congress, asserted that the expenses of the first year of Mr. Buchanan's administration were \$100,000,000. Since then the honorable Senator has reviewed his statement and dropped \$20,000,000. In his letter to T. Lytle Dickey, Esq., dated the 1st of August last, in relation to Judge Douglas, he is unwilling to say that the expenses exceed \$80,000,000. Coming down at the rate of \$20,000,000 a jump is doing pretty well for a Know Nothing aspirant for the Presidency. One more such jump and he will land somewhere in the neighborhood of the truth.—*Frederick Union.*

After Them.

The office of State Treasurer, in this State, is a snug little berth, provided the occupant is sharp, and not over conscientious. True, the salary is no great shakes, but the "stealing in" is capital. And hence the *Eric Oberker* supposes, now that the "Opposition" have a majority in the Legislature, that particular office in the gift of that body is chasing down quite a number of the patriots. Our readers all recollect, doubtless, when the "Opposition" was called "Sam" for short, how their cardinal doctrine was that "the office should seek the man, not the man the office." Well, upon the hypothesis that principles never change, we assert that the office of State Treasurer is chasing the following gentlemen, with a pretty fair prospect of catching one of them—namely: Thomas S. Struthers, of Warren; B. Laporte, of Bradford; Eli K. Miller, of Union; H. Souther, of Elk; David Taggart, of Northumberland; and, we don't know how many more, whose names have not got into the news papers.

The Kansas Legislature.—At the election in Kansas in October, the Democrats and moderate Free State men defeated the ultras and put the notoriety Jim Lane and his party on the shelf. Since the settlement of the Kansas question by the wise provisions of the English Kansas Bill, the people of Kansas are attending to their own business and everything is going on peaceably. There are no more "Kansas Tragedies."

Post Master General Brown, it is stated, has matured a plan, to be recommended to Congress, by which money orders may be transmitted from place to place through the post office. Such an arrangement would be of the greatest possible benefit to the business of the country.

Peterson's Magazine.—This popular Lady's Magazine will be greatly improved for 1859. It will contain nearly 1000 pages; from 25 to 30 steel plates; and about 800 wood engravings. Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Fashion and Fame," and CHARLES J. PETERSON, author of "Kate Ayloesford," are its Editors, and write exclusively for it. Each will give a new Novellet next year; and they will be assisted by all the best female writers. "Peterson's Magazine" is indispensable to every lady. Its fashions are always the latest and prettiest; its steel Engravings magnificent; its Patterns for the Work Table, its Household Receipts, &c., almost countless. The price is but Two Dollars a year, or a dollar less than Magazines of its class. It is the Magazine for the times. To Clubs it is cheaper still; viz: three copies for \$5, or eight for \$10; with a splendid premium to the person getting up the Club. Specimens sent gratis. Address CHAS. J. PETERSON, 206 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Thanksgiving is to be celebrated in Philadelphia by military parades.

Wood! Wood!—Those of our patrons who intend to pay their subscriptions in Wood this season, would do us a favor by bringing it soon. No objections made to a good, seasoned article.

Town & County Affairs.

Divine Services.

Rev. C. Z. WEISER, of Selinsgrove, Pa., will preach in the German Reformed Church in this place, on Thursday next, (Thanksgiving day,) at 10 o'clock in the morning, and at Plohr's Church at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. There will also be services in the Presbyterian and Associate Reformed Churches, in this place, on that day.

Turnpike Election.

At an election, on Monday last, for officers of the Gettysburg and Petersburg Turnpike Company, to serve the ensuing year, the following gentlemen were chosen:

President, Wm. D. Hines.
Managers, Wm. McSherry, Geo. Swope, Jacob Wirt, Jno. H. McClellan, Robert McCurdy.
Treasurer, Jno. H. McClellan.

Re-appointed by the Commissioners.—E. B. BUEHLER, Esq., Attorney; J. M. WALTER, Clerk; and MICHAEL RUFF, Keeper of Court House.

Railroad Items.

The track is now within a mile of this place. We have not only heard, but seen "the locomotive" for several mornings. Another week of good weather, and we may expect "the smoker" to thunder into our very midst.

The Engine House is ready for the roof. During the past week Mr. David Goodyear laid down the pipes to convey the water into the eastern at the west end of the building—where a full supply will, doubtless, at all times be had.

The Company Freight House will also soon be under roof, the brick work being finished. The masons have commenced on the Turn Table, and a pair of wheels should serve to have it ready for its use—the turning of the Engines.

The New Court House.

The skeleton of the Tower was raised upon the new Court House last week. Its proportions are very good, and when finished it will be found to be "just the thing" to "top-out" that admirably designed building. Mr. Tensen has a large force of carpenters at work, and will doubtless soon be prepared for the plasterers. He expects to have all the rooms on the first floor, for the County Officers, finished and ready for occupancy by the first of April next.

More Town Progress.

In addition to the town improvements heretofore noticed in these columns, we have the pleasure of giving the following:

Mr. S. Zorbaugh is about to erect for Mr. Adam Dersom, on the Railroad, a two-story Frame Building, for dwelling and business purposes.

Messrs. Valentine and John Warner have commenced the erection of a two-story Frame Dwelling for Mr. Daniel Lashell, on South Washington street.

Mr. Perry J. Tate has purchased from Hon. E. M. Pherson, a piece of ground lying between the Chambersburg turnpike and the Railroad near town, and is about erecting a handsome dwelling house—Cottage style.

Major Jacob Hollebaugh intends having his dwelling enlarged, and Mr. Zorbaugh expects to put up a two-story House on the adjoining lot—on North Washington street.

Large Ice House.

Mr. David TROXEL, Jr., has in course of erection, in the rear of his father's carriage-making establishment, on East Middle street, a very substantial Ice House, in which he designs storing, during the coming winter, a large quantity of ice for town consumption next summer. The project is a commendable one, and we hope he will be handsomely remunerated for the labor and expense incurred.

New Warehouse.

Messrs. McCORMY & KINO are pushing their Warehouse, on the Railroad, about four miles from this place, rapidly towards completion. The building is two-stories high, and sufficiently roomy for a large business. The location will doubtless prove a good one.

Mammoths.

Mr. DAVID THOMAS, of this borough, placed upon our table, a few days since, a monster Radish, measuring 19 inches in circumference, and weighing 6 1/2 pounds; and "a beauty" of a Turnip, measuring 20 inches, and weighing 3 pounds and 5 ounces. That Radish is hard to beat.

The Ordination and Installation of Rev. Wm. McELVIE, Pastor of the United-Protbyterian Churches of this place and Chambersburg, took place at Chambersburg on Wednesday. The exercises were interesting and the audience large.

A Cemetery Company has been formed at Hanover and the ground secured. Mr. JOSEPH S. GIRT has been employed as rural architect, and he will of course give the place a very attractive shape.

Sheriff LIGHTNER sold, on Saturday week, half of a lot and a half of ground on East Middle street, for \$100—property of E. H. Bontley. Theodore Bontley purchaser.

Mr. ISRAEL YOUNT removed into the new Hotel, corner of Carlisle street and the Railroad, on Wednesday last.

The November term of Court commences to-day, and will probably occupy the week.

New Orders.

An active spirit of improvement has prevailed at New Oxford since the completion of the Gettysburg Railroad to that point. Messrs. Bastrass & Winter have erected a three-story brick warehouse, (doing a large business,) Mr. Peter Diehl a large produce warehouse, Mr. Amos Zuck a two-story brick house, Mr. A. W. Staub a three-story brick, (store and dwelling,) Mr. Leo Staub a brick back building, (and will put up a front one in the spring,) Mr. C. W. Doll a tinner and saddle shop, Mr. Henry Wiest a brick house and blacksmith shop, Mr. Daniel Heltzell a frame dwelling, Mr. J. Bastrass a brick house, Mr. John Dietrich a frame house and tinner shop, Mr. Peters a blacksmith shop, Mr. J. Barnitz two houses, Mr. Miller a two-story brick house, Jeremiah Diehl a brick house, Mrs. Miley a two-story brick house, Mr. Frank Sherman a brick house, and Mr. Joseph S. Girt is erecting a first-class three-story brick house, which promises to be one of the neatest and most substantial in that thriving village. Other buildings are in progress. Mr. Stuck and Capt. Wagner have improved their premises by the putting up of commodious barns.

Jacob Aushbaugh, Esq., has handsomely remodelled the brick building on the south west corner of the Square, and occupies it as a hardware store.—Mr. Franklin Hersh occupies Mr. Diehl's warehouse and has also a coal and lumber yard.

We take pleasure in noticing these evidences of enterprise on the part of our neighbors of Oxford, and doubt not the work will go steadily forward.

"True as Preaching."

There are many intelligent families in Adams and adjacent counties who at present take no county paper, and who, if they ever read one, depend upon borrowing it of some neighbor. When so great a convenience is so easily obtained, no one who can afford it should be without a county newspaper. It keeps the reader posted up in all that is of general interest, while it is an indispensable record of local affairs. No one can be fully informed in regard to his own interest who does not regularly peruse a well conducted county paper. Its advantages in a family cannot be exaggerated, and it soon becomes as necessary to the young-st member as to the head of the household. When several papers are taken, the county paper is always the first one opened, and the one most closely read. Its record of local transactions and business, marriages and deaths, court proceedings, advertisements, &c., cannot be had in any other way, and give the paper an interest which is wanting in the most ambitious of the city weeklies.

The *Compiler* is furnished at \$1.75 per annum, if paid in advance, or \$2 if not paid in advance. Any person sending us four advance-paying subscribers, will

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